Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. Ifaith you are too blame.
Oth. Zouns. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Des. I ne're saw this before:
Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,
I am most vnhappy in the losse.

Enter Iago *and* Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.
Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That neither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity
Can ransome me, into his loue againe
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.
Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor alred.
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,

And

And stood within the blanke of his di
For my free speech: you must a while
What I can doe I will, and more I wil
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice
Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em. He went hence but now,
And certainely in strange vnquietnes
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue see
When it hath blowne his rankes into
And (like the Diuell) from his very a
Puft his owne brother, and can he be
Something of moment then: I will g
There's matter in't indeed, if he be an
Des. I preethee do so: somethin
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatcht
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in su
Mens natures wrangle with inferior
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so: for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull me
Euen to that sence of paine; nay, we
Men are not go
Nor of them looke for such obseruan
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much
I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindenesse with my
But now I finde, I had subborned the
And hee's indited falsly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State mat
And no conception, nor no iealous to
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue
Em. But iealous soules will not b
They are not euer iealous for the cau
But iealous for they are iealous: tis
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)